BODE DUDLES

Popple, the shipping clerk, mopped his brow, "Say," he began, "what is this show 'The Last Half' at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre? Is it a football play?"

"You mean 'The Last Laugh,' " said Cas Primm, private secretary to the boss. "It has nothing to do with football. It is a comedy in which Edward

A. Bills is appearing."
"I thought his name was Edward Abeles," suid the blond stenographer. "Well, you thought wrong," snapped Miss Primm. "I'm acquainted with a cousin of his uncle's wife and she told me all about it."
"Bills," came from Bobbie, the office boy, "Then he'll probably be in here to-day."

boy. "Then be'll probably be in here to-day."
"Why?" asked the blonde.
"It's the first business day of the month. That's the day for bills to come in, ain't it?"
"Let's cut out the punk jokes to-day, said Miss Prinm, scowling at Bobble. "It's too hot for cheap humor. By the way," she continued, addressing the others, "I'm going to see The Blue Pair of Dice' when it opens at the Casino."

Spooner, the bookkeeper, cleared his throat. "Isn't the name of that play "The Blue Paradise."
"Sure, it is," shouted Bobble. "Miss Prihm was thinkin of the price of the seats."

Primm was thinkin of the price of the seata."

"What do you mean?" demanded Miss Primm.

"Two bones!"

"Piffle:" Miss Primm replied.

"Some day I hope Bobbie becomes humerist enough to invent a real joke. His brain will have to develop before it comes about. Anybody who would laugh at his jokes is a feot."

The door opened and Mr. Snooks, the boss, came in. "Morning, folks!" he said. "Want to tell you a little joke that's been going through my mind. It's in the form of a community of the said. "Went to skipper of a boat loses his way in a fog. how does he feet?"

"Oh, do tell us, Mr. Snooks," said

"The boss wrinkled his brow and health to do to the looks," said Miss Primm, sweetly.

"He feels mist-ined."

Miss Primm laughed heartily. "Perfectly delicious!" was her verdict.

"Where did you get it?" she asked.

The boss wrinkled his brow and healtated. "Why, come to think of it, I believe it is one Bobbie invented. You told me that one yesterday, didn't you, Bobbie?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy.

The boss disappeared in his private office. There was slience for a brief period; then Hobbie could stand it no longer.

"Anybody who would laugh at my jokes is a fool," said the boy in a low tone.

tone. "Shut up, you little idiot!" snapped

Miss Primm. I duono what's come over Bill Since he got home from school, I conctinue think he ma an' me have raised a little food. He's get a bunch of funny sticks, I guess they so five in all. An' in the heater ev'ry day He pounds a tiny ball.

ays he's got to play his golf, some such name as that, ares the cows an 'calves until y dunne shere they be a to the needs the electise.

I, that much I'il allowing it it, startin in next week, olierin' a plough.

GOSSIP.

Cynthia Perot is dancing at a hotel Cynthia Perot is dancing at a hotel
at Long Beach.

The Vitagraph Company is to
make a film of "Green Stockings."

"Chin-Chin" will reopen at the
Gjobo Aug. 16.

John Cort has engaged Enid Bennett of Australia for "Come-On
Charlie."

Charlie."

As predicted in this department a month ago, Weber and Fields will enter vaudeville. Theyq will be at the Palace next week.

"The Blue Paradise" will open at the Casino Thursday night. Several changes in the cast are to be made.

"Some Baby" will be introduced to New York at the Fulton Aug 12. The company has gone to Asbury Park for preliminary performances.

Rehearsals for "Experience," with Eruest Giendinning in the role of Youth, will begin at the Princess Wednesday.

Nednesday. Edmund Jones has written a scen-

Edmund Jones has written a scenario especially for Kathryn Osterman, and she will begin acting in it before the film camera Friday. Isidor Bernstein, her director, always starts his pictures on Friday.

At 2 o'clock Saturday morning the work of taking flashlight pictures of the "Common Clay" cast was finished. At 6.30 P. M. the same day two frames of them were on view at the Apollo Theatre, Atlantic City.

Waiker Whiteside expects to have himself as opposition all over the country during the coming season. He is to appear in "The Ragged Messenger" in the flesh and he hears the film "The Melting Pot." in which he is the star, is to play his route at the same time he does.

WIT AND HUMOR. An "Anti-Johnnie" society has been formed among the chorus girls of "The Passing Show of 1916," at the Winter Garden. The members have pledged themselves not to accept attentions, meals or automobiles from the stage door clan. "Mash" notes will be given no consideration whatever. The motto of the society is "Modesty et Solitude." stage door. W. G. Smythe scoped him.

"Don't want any rugs here," said Mr. Smythe gruffly. "Get out!"

The man left. Haif an hour later the stage manager approached Mr. Smythe, looking worried.

"I wonder where the rugs for this first act are?" he said. "They should have been here half an hour ago."

"Really, I don't know," replied Mr. Smythe meekly.

SMYTHE DIDN'T KNOW. While "The Boomerang" was in re-mrsal at the Belasco Theatre recent





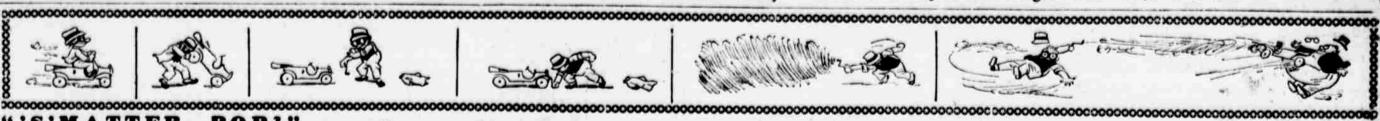












"'S'MATTER, POP!"

EY! WHERE ARE YOU IM JUST GOING TO RUN AROUND THIS AUA!

By C. M. Payne YOU STAY RIGHT ERE BECAUSE I'LL HAVE SUPPER READY IN FIFTEEN MINUTES

FLOOEY AND AXEL-Want to Know What Flooey Really Caught? See To-Morrow's Paper!



By WOT CHA I SEE HIM! LAFFIN' AT? I SEE HIM! ME HE'S A WHOPPER Too!! By Thornton Fisher

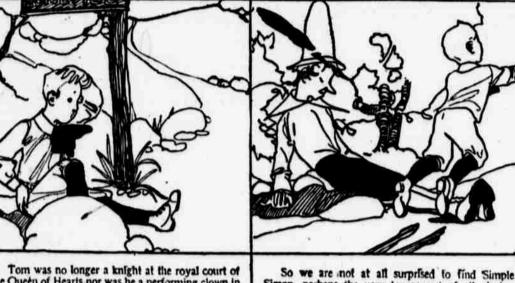
KITTY KEYS - Kitty's Hunch Wasn't So Far Out of the Way at That!



AND NOW, MISS, HE'S AFTER ME RIGHT AND I WANT YOUR BOSS TO DEFEND ME! u

HE DEFEND YOU! WELL A MAN YOUR SIZE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO PROTECT HIMSELE! By Eleanor Schorer

TUMBLE TOM - He Tumbles Into a Meeting With Simple Simon



Tom was no longer a knight at the royal court of the Queen of Hearts nor was he a performing clown in the Bylowland circus. So the Sandman tumbled him on to a quiet road of Bylowland that lead to Loneville. where live all the people who have no playmates.

*

Simple told Tom of the pie man who passed there and would give him no pie because he had no penny, even though he was almost starving. Tom felt very sorry for his new found friend and was sure that many others would if they but knew his plight.

Tom suggested telling some one. "Oh, every kiddle and every mother knows it," wailed Simple My case has been written up by Mother Goose in her famous books. Even those rich people whose hen lays golden eggs, know of me and never offer their help." Here Simple burst into a flood of tears.

THE STORY OF A GIRL WHO "MADE GOOD"

opyright, 1918, Press Publishing Co. (N. Y. Evening World

'I rescued that hen from the cruel people who wished to kill her and get all the gold at one time," said

Tom.

"Mother is calling me now, but meet me here tomorrow night. I'll help you," Tom called back as he
tumbled back into Ope-eye City.—Continued tomorrow.

By Betty Vincent

Simon, perhaps the very lonesomest of all, dozing

'neath a tree, dreaming of the Pie Man. Nor was it out of the usual for Tom to tumble over "Simple,"

thus becoming acquainted with him.



Feeling that it is the last thing she can do for Mary, Mrs. Doane carefully presses all the clothing that is to go into the one small trunk. Meanwhile she warns (Mary of some of the difficulties she may have to face and begs her to write often.



MISS CARLSTEDT ENGAGED.
Claudia Caristedt, in private life
Mrs. Albert Gallatin Wheeler, whose
matrimonial wees have occupied a
goodly portion of the time of the
courts for some months past, has
joined the cast of Julian Eitinge's
play, "Cousin Lucy." Miss Caristedt
has been on the stage many times before. She first attracted attention
when, as a member of one of Frank
Daniels's companies, she were tights
as well as Frankie Bailey ever could. PROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

MISS CARLSTEDT ENGAGED.

When her mother objects Mary gently draws her into the room where a younger brother and two younger sisters are sleeping. "You helped me, mother," says Mary, "and gave me my education. Now I want to belp you with them."

At the one railroad station of the small town where the Doanes live mother and daughter bid each other an affectionate farewell. "Don't worry, mother," counsels Mary. "I know I shall succeed." You will see how her prophecy came true.—(Continued To-

ly a man with several rugs thrown over his shoulder appeared at the stage door. W. G. Smythe stopped him.

Hary Duese, whose father is dead and whose course in high school has been made possible by her mother's labor and economy, feels that she ought to go to work at once, and tells her mother of her plan to seek a job in New York.

Consending at last to Mary's proposal, Mrs. Doane helps her daughter to prepare the neat and substantial wardrobe which the latter is to take with her to New York. The two women sew busily, for there is not much money to spend.

"Is Smith in jail yet?"
"No. He contracted measles and roke out."